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Continuation of the Remarks on the Tragedy of the Unnatural Combat.

The next Scene unravels the whole Tale, and makes one of the moſt judicious Preparations for the Cataſtrophe, that ever I ſaw in any Play whatever.

Malefort, Montreville.

Mal. HOW is't Friend?
Mon. I am glad to ſee you wear ſuch chearful Looks,
The World's well alter'd.
Mal. Yes I thank my Stars.
But me-thinks thou art troubled.
Mon. Some light Croſs,
But of no Moment.
Mal. So I hope, beware
Of ſad and impious Thoughts, you know how far
They wrought on me.
Mon. No ſuch come near me, Sir.
I have like you no Daughter, and much wiſh
You never had been curs'd with one.
Mal. Who I?
Thou art deceiv'd, I am moſt happy in her.
Mon. I am glad to hear it.
Mal. My inceſtuous Fires
Towards her are quite burnt out, I love her now
As a Father, and no further.
Mon. Fix there then
Your conſtant Peace, and do not try a ſecond
Temptation from her.
Mal. Yes Friend, tho' ſhe were
By Millions of Degrees more excellent
In her Perfections; nay tho' ſhe could borrow
A Form angelical to take my Frailty
It would not do, and therefore *Montrevile*
(My chief Delight next her) I come to tell thee
The Governor and I are reconcil'd,
And I confirm'd, and with all poſſible Speed
To make large Satisfaction to young *Beaufort*,
And her whom I have ſo much wrong'd, and for
Thy Trouble in her Cuſtody, of which
I'll now diſcharge thee, there is nothing in
My Nerves or Fortunes, but ſhall ever be
At thy Devotion.
Mon. You promiſe faintly,
Nor doubt I the Performance, yet I would not
Hereafter be reported to have been
The principal Occaſion of your falling
Into a Relapſe, or but ſuppoſe out of
The Eaſineſs of my Nature and Aſſurance
You are firm, and can hold out, I could conſent:
You needs muſt know there are ſo many Lets
That make againſt it, that it is my Wonder
You offer me the Motion, having bound me
With Oaths and Imprecations on no Terms,
Reaſons, or Arguments, you could propoſe,
I ever ſhould admit you to her Sight,
Much leſs reſtore her to you.
Mal. Are we Soldiers, and ſtand on Oaths?
Mon. 'Tis beyond my Knowledge
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping
Our Words, much more our Vows.
Mal. Heaven pardon all,
How many Thouſands in our Heat of Wine,
Quarrels and Play, and in our younger Days
(In private, I may ſay) between ourſelves
In Points of Love, have we to anſwer for,
Should we be ſcrupulous that Way.
Mon. You ſay well,
And very aptly call to Memory
Two Oaths againſt all Ties and Rites of Friendſhip
Broken by you to me.
Mal. No more of that.
Mon. Yes 'tis material, and to the Purpoſe,
The firſt (and think upon't) was when I brought you
As a Viſitant to my Miſtreſs then, the Mother
Of this ſame Daughter, whom with dreadful Words
Too hideous to remember, you ſwore deeply
For my Sake never to attempt, yet then,
Then, when you had a ſweet Wife of your own,
I know not with what Arts, Philtres, and Charms
(Unleſs in Wealth and Fame you were above me)
You won her from me, and her Grant obtain'd,
A Marriage with the ſecond waited on,
The Burial of the firſt (that to the World
Brought your dead Son) this I ſat tamely down by,
Wanting indeed Occaſion and Power
To be at the Height revenged.
Mal. Yet this you ſeem'd
Freely to pardon.
Mon. As perhaps I did.
Your Daughter *Theocrine* growing ripe,
(Her Mother too deceas'd) and fit for Marriage
I was a Suitor for her, and your Word
Upon your Honour, and our Friendſhip made
Authentical, and ratified with an Oath,
She ſhould be mine, but Vows with you being like
To your Religion, a Noſe of Wax
To be turn'd every Way, that very Day
The Governor's Son but making his Approaches
Of Courtſhip to her, the Wind of your Ambition
For her Advancement ſcatter'd the thin Sand
In which you wrote your full Conſent to me,
And drew you to his Party. What hath paſs'd ſince
You bear a Regiſter in your own Boſom
That can at large inform you.
Mal. *Montrevile*
I do confeſs all that you charge me with
To be ſtrong Truth, and that I bring a Cauſe
Moſt miſerably guilty, and acknowledge
That tho' your Goodneſs made me mine own Judge,
I ſhould not ſhew the leaſt Compaſſion
Or Mercy to myſelf. O let not yet
My Foulneſs taint your Pureneſs, or my Falſhood
Divert the Torrent of your loyal Faith.
My Ills, if not return'd by you, will add
Luſtre to your much Good, and to o'ercome
With noble Sufferance will expreſs your Strength,
And triumph o'er my Weakneſs. If you pleaſe to
My black Deeds being only known to you,
And in ſurrendring up my Daughter buried:
You not alone make me your Slave (for I
At no Part do deſerve the Name of Friend)
But in your own Breaſt raiſe a Monument
Of Pity to a Wretch on whom with Juſtice
You may expreſs all Cruelty.
Mon. You much move me.
Mal. O that I could but hope it, to revenge
An Injury is proper to the Wiſhes
Of feeble Women, that want Strength to act it:
But to have Power to puniſh, and yet pardon
Peculiar to Princes, ſee theſe Knees,
That have been ever ſtiff to bend to Heaven
To you are ſupple, Is there ought beyond this
That may ſpeak my Submiſſion? Or can Pride
(Tho' I well know it is a Stranger to you)
Deſire a Feaſt of more Humility
To kill her growing Appetite?
Mon. I requir'd not
To be ſought to this poor Way, yet 'tis ſo far
A Kind of Satisfaction, that I will
Diſpenſe a little with thoſe ſeſious Odes
You made me take, your Daughter ſhall come to you
I will not ſay as you deliver'd her,
But as ſhe is you may diſpoſe of her
As you ſhall think moſt requiſite.
Mal. His laſt Words are Riddles to me.
Here the Lion's Force
Would have prov'd uſeleſs, and againſt my Nature
Compell'd me from the Crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit Tears, there's now no turning backward,
May I but quench theſe Fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

To the Author of the WEEKLY REGISTER.

SIR,

I Have already ſent you one Letter, and, if you can afford me a Place in your Paper, you will turn a conſtant Reader into a future Correſpondent.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be Writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch Wits, and write ſuch Things?
You're willing to be Waſps, but want the Stings.
Let not your Spleen provoke you to that Height!
Od's Life, you don't know what you do, *Sirs, when you write!*

CONGREVE.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

I Never had the Pleaſure of reading your Paper, wherein you advertis'd *Good Senſe* as a *Stray:* I muſt own it argued ſome Modeſty in you, but not abundance of Diſcretion: For who, beſide yourſelf, would have thought of ſetting up a Paper of Entertainment, at this Time of Day, without her Aſſiſtance? Indeed, you have told us the whole Town has agreed to have nothing to do with her, and ſo, like King *Charles* II. you conclude that a nonſenſical Teacher will ſuit beſt with a nonſenſical Audience.

Give me Leave tho', to tell you, Sir, that in my Opinion, the Town as little deſerves the Compliments you have made it as ever it did, and has neither diſcourag'd or avoided any Entertaiament, that had Wit and Taſte for its Foundation, and I dare appeal to every Man's Memory, whether every good Play has been damn'd for theſe twenty Years paſt.

Wherein then does it appear, but in your Paper, that Good Senſe is baniſh'd? Or why muſt the Publick be ſtigmatiz'd with Folly, for preſuming to differ in Judgment from you? If your Paper does not ſell, learn to write better: Acquire more Ideas, be Maſter of your Subject. Be more ſimple in Expreſſion, and more ſtrong in Meaning. Be genteel in Satire, inoffenſive in Wit, certain in Humour, and you may be ſure of being read with as much Succeſs and Applauſe as any occaſional Authors that ever went before you.

As it is your naſty Story of the Boys at *Marybone*, in Numb. 10: Your undelicate double Meanings in Numb. 14, and your ridiculous ſuſtian Phraſes, and tedious Prolixity every where, are but miſerable Indictions of a proper Genius to reform the Publick: And, unleſs you treat People of Faſhion with better Manners, People of Senſe and Taſte will have little Opinion of your Breeding.

I find I am got a little out of the Way, and, inſtead of confining my Remarks to your *Prompter*, Numb. 14, am giving a Character of them all.——There, one Mr. *Verax*, pretends to have ſtumbled on the Exile *Good Senſe* in the Country, and ſends a Sample of her Planets for the Benefit of your Paper in Town. Bnt I am much more inclin'd to think it was her mimick *Affectation*, who ſometimes takes a Tour abroad, tho' ſhe returns ſo conſtantly to your Study, as her Home. I beg Pardon tho', I think he calls it himſelf but the *Phantom* of Good Senſe, and, by what he has made her ſay, I am ſure it cannot be the Subſtance.——However, as you ſeem to be of another Mind, I will be at the Pains of examining a few of her Lamentations, and, if they are no Way a-kin to the Character ſhe takes up, I preſume you will no more be miſled by ſo trifling a Correſpondent.

He will needs have it that *Good Senſe* is laugh'd at, and ridicul'd in all Companys; I never was in any ſo bad in my Life; and therefore, muſt conclude 'tis only in its

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N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

own: That 'tis driven from the *Theatre* with *Merit*, her dear Friend. But wherein does this appear? *Shakespear*, *Otway*, *Johnson*, *Vanbrugh* and *Congreve* appear therein in Turn as usual, nor has *Pantomime* ever attempted to dispossess them. If you, or any other Gentleman, has been refus'd Admittance, as Authors, why don't you print your Pieces, and call upon the Publick to do you Justice? I am of Opinion, that two good Plays have not been rejected, by any Management, in the Memory of Man; tho' Tragedies are now become almost a certain Loss——and the Variety of Authors is to the full as blameable as the Pride of Managers, or the Capriciousness of Players.——If the Expence of the Stage is inhanc'd, what is it owing to, but the late Confusion of the Companies, which has oblig'd the *Patentees* to give uncommon Prices to Performers? Beside the Advance and Risque of prodigious Sums, to make out a Company at all.

I believe it may be safely and truly said, that, had not the Theatre fallen into such Hands, as were able and willing to be at this Charge, the whole Stage had soon been ruin'd, and *Good Sense* itself had hardly been able to restore it again.

But why will you and your Correspondents level all your little Scandals at one Theatre only? If *Pantomimes* are absurd, surely they are alike so at all; and there is no one Entertainment, at either, without Blunders enough to keep the rest in Countenance.——If you must needs be a Censor then, pray be impartial, I mean to the best of your Understanding, or else you will be every Way unfit for the Office.

I am no Advocate for these Grotesque Things, but thus much may be said in their Defence, that the old Plays are so thoroughly worn out, and the new ones generally so insipid and barren of Genius, that, without their Assistance, the Theatre would be utterly undone.——This is obvious to every Body, who has seen what Audiences are generally to be found there without them; and even you, Mr. *Prompter*, could remark that the last new Tragedy at *Drury-Lane*, *Lucius Junius Brutus*, was attended by no more than *Eleven* in the Boxes: What is to be done then? Surely 'tis better to let the Stage be supported by these, than not be supported at all; and to tell a *Manager* they are out of Taste, will signify nothing, unless you can prevail on the Actors to play *Gratis*, till the Humour of the Town shall take a new Turn in their Favour. As long as Entertainments don't presume to intrude into the Place of Plays, and are Baits to draw People to more rational Amusements, I think they ought to be pardon'd: And, when we have again Authors able to drive them out by the Dint of Sense and Spirit, they will be heard of no more. The Fault, therefore, is no more in Managers, Players, or People, than in those very Authors who complain of them the most.

This, I apprehend, is a full Answer to the Ravings of your Friend *Verax*, and, I suppose, you don't expect any Notice of what you have added to it, since by your own Confession, *Common Sense*, had no Share in it, *as being then out of Town*. I am, as before,

Your best Friend,
ANONYMUS.

The Linnet *and the* Magpye. *A Fable.*

MAGPYE and *Linnet* both perch'd on a Tree,
Argu'd one Day about their Pedigree:
You all know how much Dame *Meg* loves to chatter,
And safely may swear, that on this high Matter,
She'd have prated as much, and with as little Wit
As Gossips at Christnings, or Fops in the Pit.
Lord! how many Reasons, all scurvy and bad,
She over and over a hundred Times had:
I wave them to come to the Heads of her Plea,
Left like a dull Sermon they tire you and me.
Said she, We *Pyes* ramble where ever we will,
We're as safe in the Fields as a Thief in a Mill:
We fear no Bird-catchers, but walk in Assurance,
Whilst Cages are full of *Linnets* in Durance,
Who for all their sad Moan, must still lie in their Goal,
And sing for their Living, and are oft put to Sale:
You're always in Fear, left Men should kid-nap you,
And are pawn'd for your Life, if once they Mouse-trap you?
Whilst us they respect, and we fly by them daily,
As free as protected *Rooks* pass by a Baily.
The *Linnet* at last being tir'd, answer'd thus;
Pray good Mrs. *Minx*, what's all that to us?
Were you worth but the Taking, you'd never 'scape so;
'Tis because Men esteem us they'll not let us go.

MORAL.

Fair Ones, when some precise and homely She,
Upbraiding you, will boast, that she is free
From those Attacks which your soft Heart expose
To deep Engagements, and to *Cupid's* Blows;
To silence her with Shame, to her apply,
The *Linnet's* Answer to the prating *Pye*.

SATURDAY, *January* 18.

ON Thursday the 9th Instant, at Noon, came on Shore near *Beachey-Head*, on the Coast of *Sussex*, the *Golden Pippin*, *Ambrose Taylor* Master, laden with *Southam* Cyder from *Dartmouth*. No Person was found on board her but a dead Man naked.

There was a very numerous and grand Appearance of Company on Thursday Night last at the Masquerade in the *Hay-Market*. The Collation was extremely splendid, and every Thing conducted with the utmost good Order. Amongst other humourous Figures, two very remarkable Personages appeared there, one equipt like a Merry-Andrew, and the other like Punchanello, the former clearing the Way, and disposing the Company for Punch's Wit, whilst the latter dispers'd Bills amongst the Company, of a Puppet Show of seven Acts, to be open'd on Thursday next near *Westminster*; the Joke of which, like Punch's Jokes, was low, stale, and stoln, and every Way in Character.

Yesterday Morning about Nine o'Clock, a Duel was fought between two Serjeants of the second Regiment of Foot-Guards in *Hyde-Park*; in which one of them, a very elderly Person, was stabb'd under the Arm-pit, and the Wound thought to be mortal.

Deaths. On Thursday Night last about Seven o'Clock, the Lady *Mary*, Wife of the Right Hon. *George* Lord *Lansdown*, was taken with a Fit of an Apoplexy, in which she continued till Yesterday about One in the Afternoon, when she expired.——Yesterday died *Robert Hudson*, Esq; one of the Directors of the *East India* Company.

MONDAY, *January* 20.

The Baggage of *Horatio Walpole*, Esq; is put on board a Yacht at *Rotterdam*; the Boat that carried it to the Vessel, in returning to Shore, was cast away, and three Persons drowned.

By the Death of Lady *Mary Lansdown*, 1200 l. *per Annum* falls to the Lord Viscount *Weymouth*, her Son, being her Jointure, as settled on her by his Father, *Thomas Thynne*, Esq;

Last Saturday Evening at Seven o'Clock, the House of ——*Sheldon*, Esq; at *Shirley* near *Croydon* in *Surrey*, was enter'd by five Rogues mask'd, and arm'd with two Pair of Pistols each; they knock'd at the Door, and were let in by the Servants, whom they bound; they afterwards robb'd Mr. *Sheldon* and his Lady of Money, Jewels, Laces, *&c.* and plunder'd the House of their Plate, and what other Moveables they could carry away in five Sacks, which they fill'd; they return'd Mr. *Sheldon* two Guineas, begg'd his Pardon for what they had done, and rode off with their Booty. It is suppos'd they are the same Gang who committed the late Robberies in *Essex* and *Kent*.

On Wednesday Night, the 8th Instant, as Mr. *John West*, a Farmer at *Acton*, was returning home with another Person from *London*, it being very dark, they mistook their Way, and went thro' the Gate into *Tyburn-Field*; at which Time the Wind was vastly high, and Mr. *West* had the Misfortune to be blown off his Horse in the Pond there, and was drowned, notwithstanding the Endeavours of his Friend, who caught hold of the Collar of his Coat which he tore off: The Farmer has left a Wife and four small Children behind him.

We hear from *Benfington*, alias *Benson*, in *Oxfodshire*, that in the late high Wind, a Farmer having drove a Flock of Sheep into a Barn for Shelter, the Barn was blown down in half an Hour after, and the greatest Part of the Sheep killed.

The Accounts we daily receive of the Damages done in the Country by the late great Storm, are very surprizing, but too numerous to insert.

Extract of a Letter from Liverpool, Jan. 17.

On Monday last we had here a very violent Gale of Wind, which did much Damage; the *Race horse* from *Park-Gate* for *Dublin* lost her Masts and Bowsprit, and put in here in a terrible Condition; she had about 50 Passengers on board, and lost one in the Storm; one light Sloop over-set, and three laden ones sunk, at the Town-Side; the *Neboth*, *Hyde*, the *Mary* and *Betty*, *Partis*, a Brigantine, ——, the *Lively*, *Cullum*, and the *Augustus*, *Dove*, all drove a-shore in *Hyle-lake*; the two last 'tis fear'd will not get off, but their Cargoes may be sav'd; a Sloop bound from hence for *Chester* lost all her People; the *Friendship*, *Simmons*, and the *Prince William*, *Manesty*, put to Sea before the Storm; the former was forc'd back with little or no Damage, but the latter with the Loss of her Main and Mizen Masts; two Men were wash'd overboard and lost; the *Diligence*, *Roberts*, from hence for *Topsham*, is lost at *Rossell* near *Poulton*.

Preferments. A few Days ago his Majesty was pleased to make the following Promotions in the fourth Troop of Horse-Guards, commanded by the Lord *Shannon*, viz. Capt. *Stephens*, Nephew to his Lordship, to be Major, in the room of Major *Garth*, who died some Time since in *Jamaica*. Brigadier *Seagrims* to succeed Capt. *Stephens*. Capt. *Martin* to succeed Brigadier *Seagrims*. And Capt. *Gifford* to succeed Capt. *Aiflabie* as an Exempt in the said Troop.

Marriage. On Thursday last the Lord *Dillon*, Colonel of an *Irish* Regiment in the Service of *France*, was married to the Hon. Miss *Dillon*, Daughter and sole Heiress to the late Lord *Dillon* of the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

Deaths. They write from *Dublin*, that on Tuesday last died the Right Rev. Dr. *Henry Downes*, Lord Bishop of *Derry*, one of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.——Last Week died Mr. *Richard Moreton*, one of the Clerks in Chancery, in the Division of *Thomas Bridges*, Esq; His Place is to be sunk, as are others as they die off, till the Number is reduced to Sixty, *viz.* Ten under each Clerk.——On Saturday died the Rev. Mr. *Richardson*, Reader of St. *Clement's Danes* in the *Strand*.

Bankrupt. *Thomas Horsenull*, late of *London*, Baker.——*John Rowbotham*, of *Levenshulme*, in the County of *Lancaster*, Chapman.

TUESDAY, *January* 21.

The Serjeant who was wounded in a Duel in *Hyde-Park* last Friday by another Serjeant (as before-mention'd) died last Night, at his Quarters in *Chequer-Court* in the *Strand*.

Yesterday being the Anniversary of the Birth-Day of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, who enter'd into the 29th Year of his Age, their Majesties and the rest of the Royal Family received the Compliments of the Nobility and Foreign Ministers on that Occasion, and at Night there was a Ball, which broke up at Two o'Clock this Morning.

Her Majesty appeared in the Drawing-Room, notwithstanding her Indisposition with the Gout in her Foot, being wheel'd thither in a Chair.

The Lord *Baltimore* entertain'd divers of the great Officers of State, together with the Foreign Ministers of the Northern Province, at his House in *Grosvenor-Square*. His Lordship had 150 Covers at Table, besides a very rich Desert.

The Earl of *Cholmondeley*, Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness, entertained the Foreign Ministers of the Southern Province, with a magnificent Dinner on the same Occasion.

And the Hon. Miss *Vane* gave the same Day a splendid Entertainment to upwards of twenty Ladies of Quality, at her House in *Grosvenor-street*, which was followed by a fine Concert of Musick, and afterwards an elegant Supper.

The Princess of *Orange* advances happily in her Pregnancy, and 'tis now said that her Royal Highness's Reckoning is not up till next Month. His Serene Highness the Prince is going to *Friesland*, but will stay there only a few Days, to appoint the Magistrates for the ensuing Year. His Highness did the Honour to one Mr. *Du Lys*, a rich *Portugueze Jew* at the *Hague*, to sup with him last Week, and was accompanied there by all the Foreign Ministers and Persons of Distinction: The Entertainment is mention'd as one of the most splendid ever seen in *Holland*; the Preparations were making for several Months, and all the Countries of *Europe* ransack'd for Curiosities to embellish it.

We have an Account from *Turin*, that the King of *Sardinia* was under such an extreme Affliction for the Death of his Queen, that he shut himself up in a Monastery, and intended to continue nine Days in Retirement, in order to give a full Scope to his Sorrows.

Her Majesty was Aunt to the *French* King, and Sister-in-Law to the King of *Spain*; *Mary-Adelaide* Dutchess of *Burgundy*, and Dauphiness of *France*, his most *Christian* Majesty's Mother, being eldest Sister of the present King of *Sardinia*, and his *Catholick* Majesty's first Queen being *Mary-Louisa*, second Sister to that Prince.

Letters from *Spain* mention, that his *Catholick* Majesty has sent for the best Architects from *Italy*, to rebuild the Palace which was lately burnt in *Madrid*, his Majesty resolving to make it one of the most beautiful Edifices in *Europe*.

They write from *Vienna*, that the late Campaign in *Italy* has made a Cure of Count *Konigsegg's* Gout.——'Tis certain, Prince *Lewis* of *Wirtemberg*, and 30,000 Men more, were effectually cur'd of all Distempers by that Specifick.

They write from *Naples* of the 28th past, that Prince *Lobkowitz*, who commands in the Citadel of *Messina*, having arm'd out a Pink, the Count *de Marsillac* had order'd a Man of War and some Feluccas to give her

Chace; and that after an obſtinate Engagement, which laſted five Hours againſt ſuch Odds, the Pink was taken at ſome Diſtance from the Port.

They write from the *Hague*, that the *Spaniards* in *Italy* amount to 35,250 Foot and 8020 Horſe, beſides four Battalions in *Tuſcany*, and the 12,000 Men lately embark'd at *Barcelona*.

We have alſo two *London* Articles from the *Hague*; one is, that ſeveral Foreign Powers will ſoon acknowledge *Don Carlos* King of the two *Sicily's*; and the other is, that the Regiments of Foot-Guards are to be immediately encamp'd in *Hyde-Park*, and that this is ſeldom done but in Caſes of Danger, or in a Time of War.

They write from *Paris*, that a Widow nam'd *Perette Milot*, died at *Rheims* the 27th of laſt Month, aged 102, and left 153 Sons, Grandſons and Great Grandſons, beſides above 1000 Nephews, Grand Nephews and Great Grand Nephews; but we have no Mention of her Female Poſterity, which perhaps is numerous in Proportion.

They write from *Amſterdam*, that ſixty Ships drove from their Anchors in the *Texel* during the late Storm, twenty-two of which are on Shore, and ſeveral of their Men drowned; five others were drove on Shore, but got off; three are full of Water, but their Men and Lading ſav'd; ſeveral ran foul of one another, and others loſt their Anchors and Maſts; in ſhort, ſo general a Calamity cannot be deſcrib'd. The Miſchief done in other Parts of *Holland* is likewiſe conſiderable; one *Swede*, one *French* Ship, three of other Nations, a Galliot, and the Parts of three Wrecks, are come on Shore on the Coaſts; two Veſſels were loſt in the *Scheld*, two in the Canals near *Bruges*, and a *French Weſt-India* Man at *Rochelle*. The Banks are broke down in ſeveral Places of the *Netherlands*, and the adjacent Countries overflow'd.

'Tis remarkable, that the late great Storm which began to be violent here about Twelve o'Clock, did not riſe to any Height in *Holland* till the Evening, and then grew ſo terrible, that the like was never remark'd there. Moſt of the Houſes at the *Hague*, *Amſterdam*, *Rotterdam*, &c. receiv'd a prodigious Damage, and ſeveral of the fine Rows of Trees in the Streets of the latter, were torn up by the Roots.

On Sunday Morning about Eight o'Clock, a Fire happen'd at Mr. *Moravia*'s Snuff-Shop in *Gravel-Lane* near *Houndſditch*, which burnt down the Snuff Mill and damag'd the back Houſes, but by the timely Aſſiſtance of the Firemen it was ſoon extinguiſh'd.

A few Days ſince a Poſtillion, who belong'd to a Perſon of Quality, being under great Diſorder of Mind, after having bought a new Razor, walk'd into *Hyde-Park*, with a Deſign to cut his Belly open; but when he was about to attempt it, his Reſolution ſlacken'd, and he threw the Razor away: But remaining ſtill diſſatisfy'd, went next Day and found it, and tho' he was about to make ſo horrid an Attempt ſeveral Times, ſtill he had not the Reſolution, till one Day laſt Week, he cut himſelf croſs the Belly in ſo deſperate a Manner, that his Guts came out; in that Condition he was carried to the Hoſpital at *Hyde-Park-Corner*, and died there the Day after.

On Saturday laſt the Seſſions ended at the *Old Bailey* on *Middleſex* Side, when twenty Priſoners were try'd, two of whom were capitally convicted, *viz.* *Jane Habron*, alias *Williams*, for ſtealing Plate and other Things, to the Value of 10l. out of the Houſe of *Michael Wallington*; and *Elizabeth Stevens*, for aſſaulting and robbing *Margaret Todd* on the Highway of a Silk Gown and other Things, to the Value of 4l. 16s. who, with *William Williams*, alias *Fawkner*, and *Elizabeth Ambrooke*, mention'd in our former, received Sentence of Death: *Elizabeth Stevens* pleaded her Belly, but was found *Not quick with Child*. Twelve were caſt for Tranſportation, and ſix acquitted.

Yeſterday the Seſſions ended on *London* Side, when ſix Priſoners were try'd, one whereof was capitally convicted, *viz.* *Ralph Jones*, for ſtealing a Silver Tankard, Value 5l. out of the *Bear's-Head* Alehouſe in *Fleet-ſtreet*; three were caſt for Tranſportation, and two acquitted: *Mary Owen*, for ſtealing out of the Houſe of her Maſter (Mr. *Chitty*) 22l. and *Ralph Jones* above-mention'd, received Sentence of Death.

Mary Owen pleaded her Belly, and was found *Quick with Child*.

Marriage. Yeſterday *William Pocock*, of *Oxfordſhire* Eſq; a Gentleman of a great Eſtate, was married at *Windſor* to Miſs *Ravenſcroft*, only Daughter of Mr. *Ravenſcroft*, and Grandaughter of the late Mr. *Samuel Waldo*, of *Cheapſide*, a young Lady of 5000l. Fortune.

Deaths. On Wedneſday laſt died Capt. *Barnes*, who kept the *White-Horſe-Inn* at *Mile-End*; he was Captain of a Company in Sir *John Gonſon's* Regiment of the Militia of the *Tower Hamlets*.——On Sunday Night died, at his Lodgings in *Holborn*, *Edward Hutchinſon*, Eſq; of *Fulkbury-Hall* in *Eſſex*.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 22.

The *Hanover Merchant*, Capt. *Cogbill*, from *Cadiz*, bound to *Ireland*, was lately loſt on the Coaſt of that Kingdom.

The late Storms, which have done ſo much Miſchief in other Parts, have prov'd very much to the Advantage of the Town of *Wiſbech* in the *Iſle of Ely*; the Banks thereabouts having all ſtood firm, the River is deepen'd by the Freſhes to above 15 Foot Water, ſo that Ships come up to the Town, which will ſave the Charge of Lighterage, and be of great Benefit to the Trade and Merchandize of that Port.

On Thurſday laſt a Fire happened at *Tolworth-Court*, a conſiderable Farm in *Surrey*, about two Miles diſtant from *Kingſton*, on the Road to *Epſom*; it was diſcover'd at the End of a Barn, which it conſum'd, with ſeveral Outhouſes, Stacks of Corn, Hay, three Horſes, two Calves, and about forty Lambs.

At *Orchard Windham* in *Somerſetſhire*, the Seat of Sir *William Windham*, Bart. the late high Winds tore up 127 Trees by the Roots, ſome ſo large that they were valued at near 30l. each.

The latter End of laſt Week Mrs. *Brown*, whoſe Huſband keeps the *Horſſhoe* Alehouſe in *Croydon* in *Surrey*, was found drowned with her Feet upright in a Butt of Water, reſerved for the Uſe of the Family (the Occaſion is unknown;) ſhe has left ſeven Children.

We hear there will be a Lottery the enſuing Year, for a Million.

That there will be a more equal Tax laid on Window-Lights, that the great Houſes ſhall pay more than at preſent. And

That there will be but two Shillings in the Pound Land-Tax.

Next Sunday the Court will go into Mourning for ſix Weeks, for the Death of the Queen of *Sardinia*.

Death. On Monday Night died Mrs. *Lintot*, Wife to Mr. *Henry Lintot*, a conſiderable Bookſeller in *Fleet ſtreet*; and Daughter of Sir *John Aubrey*, of *Borſtal* in *Bucks*, Bart.

Bankrupts. *John Gregory*, of *Caſtle-Alley*, *London*, Broker and Chapman.——*Andrew Phyſicke*, of *Audley-ſtreet*, near *Groſvenor-Square*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Carpenter and Chapman.——*John Teeling*, of *Mill-Bank*, *Weſtminſter*, Haberdaſher of Small Wares, and Dealer in Cyder.——*John Neave*, of *King ſtreet*, in the *Cloyſters* near *Weſt-Smithfield*, *London*, Saleſman and Chapman.

THURSDAY, *January* 23.

We hear that a Bill will be brought into Parliament at the enſuing Seſſions, for beautifying *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, at the Charge of the Inhabitants, with fine Walks, a large Reſervoir, *&c.*

Laſt Night between Seven and Eight o'Clock, as a Conſtable with his Aſſiſtants were conducting a Priſoner to the *Gatehouſe*, *Weſtminſter*, in a Hackney-Coach, who was committed thither by a Juſtice of the Peace for ſome Miſdemeanor, four Fellows with drawn Swords attack'd the Coach at the End of St. *Martin's-Lane* near *Charing-Croſs*; one of them ſtopt the Horſes, whilſt the other three broke open the Coach-Door, reſcu'd the Priſoner, and went off with him undiſcover'd.

The Storm a Fortnight ſince, damaged ſeveral Houſes, and blew down abundance of Trees at *Hanover*.

On Tueſday Night the new-born Son of *Daniel Graham*, Eſq; was baptiz'd at his Houſe in *Pall-Mall* by the Name of *Robert-Richard*; when the Right Hon. Sir *Robert Walpole* and the Right Hon. the Earl of *Scarborough* were Godfathers, and the Lady *Iſabella Scot* and the Lady *Lovel* Godmothers.

On Tueſday laſt the Lady of the Hon. Governor *Lowther* was ſafely delivered of a Daughter, at his Houſe in *Bloomſbury-Square*.

They write from *Edinburgh*, that the *London* Poſt was near twenty Hours later in coming in than ordinary, by Reaſon of the bad Roads.

The *Proſperous*, Capt. *Iſaac Friend*, bound from *London* to *Oporto*, was forced out of the *Downs* in the late Storm, and ſtranded the 13th Inſtant, near *Scheveling* on the Coaſt of *Holland*; and of her Crew only one Man was ſaved; and of her Cargo 36 Bales, 3 Caſes, and 300 Bags of Corn, were ſaved the 17th Inſtant, when they wrote from *Rotterdam*, that they hoped to ſave the reſt of her Cargo, tho' wet, the Ship being filled every Tide.

The *Prince of Wales*, Capt. *Railet*, bound from *Dunkirk* to *Marſeilles*, was lately loſt on the Coaſt of *Flanders*.

On Monday Night laſt about Eight o'Clock Mr. *Rooker* of *Tower-ſtreet* going home from a Coffee-houſe by the *Royal-Exchange*, was in *Three King-Court*, *Lombard-ſtreet*, attack'd by a Fellow, who ſeiz'd him by the Throat, pick'd his Pocket of twelve Guineas, threw him down, and then made off.

They write from *Mantua*, that the *Imperial* Army being at preſent in an inconvenient Situation, General *Wallis* was determin'd to move their Quarters as ſoon as the Weather will permit; that he was drawing a Line from *Oſtiano* to the Elbow of the *Oglio*, which would effectually ſecure the *Mantuan* from all Attempts of the Enemy; that he had a View to *Cazalmagiore*, in order to penetrate towards *Parma*; that the Country which the Allies abandon'd had furniſh'd him with conſiderable Quantities of Bread, Fleſh and Forage; and that he waited only for a Froſt or fair Weather, to put ſome Deſign in Execution againſt the Enemy: That the Marſhal *Broglio* ſeem'd greatly alarm'd, and appear'd vaſtly vigilant to prevent a ſecond Surprize; that the Mortality continued ſo conſiderable amongſt the Soldiers, that thirty at leaſt died every Day, and that the *Germans* had this ſole Conſolation, that the Enemy loſt daily as many.

The Scarcity of Proviſion on the Part of the Allies, is at preſent equal to that of the *Imperialiſts*; but 70 Store-Ships are now lading in *France*, to tranſport a Supply to their Army by the Way of *Genoa*.

The *Imperialiſts* have lately made ſeveral Motions, one of which was towards *Dozzolo*, where they drew a Bridge croſs the *Po*, and enter'd the *Cremoneze*; but the Allies attack'd them, and forc'd them from their Poſts; and endeavouring to follow them over the Bridge, the *Germans* broke away its Standards, whereby 200 were drowned. The *Imperialiſts* loſt 500 Men, and the Allies about the ſame Number, in the Courſe of the Action.

General *Wallis* having made Application to the Senate of *Venice* for Leave to purchaſe Proviſions in their Dominions, receiv'd Anſwer, that he might do it and welcome, *for ready Money*; and a Body of 8000 *Venetians* were immediately order'd to the Frontiers, to ſee that he complies punctually with his Bargains.

The Emperor is reſolv'd to have an Army of 80,000 Men in *Italy* next Campaign.

Letters from *Peterſburg* mention, that ſeveral enormous Innovations have crept into the Rites of the *Greek* Church, as exerciſed in the Empire of *Ruſſia*, the Czarina had conven'd an Aſſembly of her Archbiſhops and Biſhops, in order to reduce it to primitive Purity.

They write from *Berlin*, that his *Pruſſian* Majeſty is arriv'd there from *Potzdam*, and has acquir'd ſo great a Degree of Strength, that he rides every Day on Horſeback for the Air.

'Tis written from *Vienna*, that upon Count *Konigsegg*'s Arrival at that Court a few Days ago from *Italy*, one of his intimate Friends congratulated him, and told him, he hoped he ſhould ſhortly wiſh him a good Journey to the Congreſs of Peace at the *Hague*; to which the Count anſwer'd, *No, no; that Time is not yet come; there muſt be two more Battles in* Lombardy *firſt*.

A Party of the *Imperialiſts* lately made an Excurſion into the *Parmeſan*, almoſt up to the Gates of *Parma*, and brought away with them a great Quantity of Cattle and Proviſions.

By ſome private Advices from *Holland* we hear, that their High Mightineſſes were ſtill reſolv'd to obſerve an exact Neutrality in the preſent Poſture of Affairs.

The King of *France* has lately wrote, with his own Hand, the following Letter to King *Staniſlaus*:

Sir, Brother, and Father-in Law,

'I have received with great Pleaſure, in your Letter of 'the 19th ult. the new Marks of Confidence you place in 'me: I cannot anſwer them in a better Manner, than by 'aſſuring you a-new, that I ſpare nothing to promote the 'Intereſts of your Perſon and Crown. I am not yet in a 'Condition to acquaint you with the Succeſs of the Pains 'I have taken on all Sides; but as any Thing occurs, the 'Abbot *Langlois* ſhall impart it to you. I beg of you to 'lay aſide all Uneaſineſs; you have only to continue on 'your Part the Meaſures you at firſt took to encourage 'your faithful Subjects; leave to me the reſt, and rely on 'the ſincere Tenderneſs with which I am,

Sir, Brother, and Father-in-Law,
Your good Brother and Son,
LOUIS.

Yeſterday a young Fellow well dreſs'd and booted, who pretended he was newly come from *Briſtol*, was committed to *Newgate* by Sir *Richard Brocas*, for endeavouring to defraud Mr. *Barnes*, an eminent Goldſmith on *Ludgate-Hill*, of a plain Gold Ring, by pretending to try it on his Finger, and then laying down a Braſs Ring in the room of it.

Deaths. A few Days ſince died at *Edinburgh* the Right Hon. *James* Earl of *Strathmore*. His Lordſhip is ſucceeded in his Eſtate and Honours by his Brother *Thomas*, now Earl of *Strathmore*.——Yeſterday died, at his Houſe in *Salters Hall-Yard*, Mr. *Robert Henſhaw*, an eminent Attorney at Law.——A few Days ago died ſuddenly the Rev. Dr. *Somerville*, Rector of *Adderbury* in *Oxfordſhire*.

FRIDAY, *January* 24.

Last Week were exported to Foreign Parts 2900 Quarters of Wheat, 500 Quarters of Barley, and 70 Quarters of Wheat Meal.

We hear, that upon the Petition of the Inhabitants of *Turnham-Green*, *Williams* the Soldier, lately hung in Chains there for the Murder of Corporal *Rowe*, is order'd to be remov'd to *Hounslow-Heath*.

Yesterday his Majesty went to the House of Peers in his Coach of State, attended by his Grace the Duke of *Richmond*, Master of the Horse to his Majesty, and the Right Hon. the Earl of *Albemarle*, one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber in Waiting; and made a most gracious Speech to both Houses.

The House of Commons adjourn'd to Monday next. There were no more than 28 Members wanting out of the whole Number, including Deaths.

A Bill will be brought into Parliament this Sessions, for regulating and settling the Fines to be taken by Churches, Colleges, and other Ecclesiastical Bodies, on renewing Leases, *&c.*

We hear the same Number of Seamen will be employ'd the ensuing Year as were the last.

'Tis said Provision will be made for an Augmentation to the Land-Forces.

Advices from *Dresden* say, that Count *Poninsky*, Brother to the Marshal of the Confederacy for King *Augustus*, is still confin'd in the Fortress of *Zonnestein*, and persists in his Resolution to suffer the utmost Extremities, rather than renounce his Attachment to King *Stanislaus*; and that the Countess his Spouse, a Lady of great Beauty and Virtue, is come from *Poland*, to demand Liberty to see her Husband from Time to Time, or to share his Captivity with him: It is thought the first of these two Favours will be granted her.

They write from the *Hague* of the 25th, that their High-Mightinesses have ordered the 2d of *March* to be a Day of Thanksgiving, Fasting and Prayer, throughout the whole Republick. This Medley of Devotion, Thanksgiving and Fasting, at the same Time, may perhaps afford a Jest to some of their Neighbours; but it shews that the *Dutch* know the Value of the Day-Labour of a whole Nation so well, as not to spend two Days about what may be done in one.

Some Accounts from *Italy* say, that the *Spanish* Army design'd for *Lombardy* has halted in their March, but for what Reason is not mention'd.

On the 8th Instant *John Bland*, a young Man 17 Years old, of *Thorp* near *Kettering* in *Northamptonshire*, being sitting by the Fire, a small Stone of an Ounce Weight fell down the Chimney upon his Knee, which made him withdraw from thence; about one or two Minutes after, a Stone of 100 Weight fell down, and broke off five large Bars of an old standing Grate as even as if saw'd asunder, to the Amazement of the Beholders.

Two Days after the said Hurricane, half a Mile from *Thorney Fen* and four Miles below *Peterborough*, a Gentleman had 15 Sheep upon a Bank in the Flood six Yards wide, the Water being 15 Foot deep on both Sides, he agreed with a Man to fetch them off in a Boat, who brought six with him safe to Land the first Time, but in the next Voyage he overloaded the Boat, and finding himself sinking catch'd hold of two of the Sheep's Backs, one in each Hand, who towed him about 100 Yards safe to Land; the loud Bleating of the six first causing these two to swim to them, while the others were driven away with the Flood.

A stranger Deliverance than either of these happen'd in the Year 1730, within View of the Town of *Kettering*: One *Everard Falkener*, Servant to *Weekly Miller* near *Kettering*, being grinding in the Windmill in Wheat Harvest, a sudden Gust of Wind blew the Mill quite round, with the Door in the Wind, and pitch'd it quite over, the great Mill-Post snapping short in two, which dashing the young Man against that Part of the Post which broke off, and not knowing where to run, he clapt himself under the Wheatmill Trough, and down it came; from whence falling very easily, he look'd up to see whether all were come or not, being strangely preserv'd in the Center or Middle of the Stones, they falling hollow as in an Arch about him, without his receiving the least Hurt; he still works at the said Mill, it being soon after rebuilt by the Duke of *Montagu*, to whom it belongs.

Marriage. Yesterday *Stephen Martin Leake*, Esq; Norroy King of Arms, was married to Miss *Anne Powell*, Daughter of Mr. *Fletcher Powell*, Brewer, at *Mile End*.

Deaths. On Tuesday last died, at her Lodgings in *Gloucester-street*, Miss *Salisbury Boycott*, aged 15 Years, the only surviving Daughter of *Thomas Boycott*, Esq; of *Hinton* near *Whitchurch* in *Shropshire*.—On Tuesday died Mrs. *Bridges*, Mother of *Thomas Bridges*, Esq; one of the Six Clerks in Chancery, in the 92d Year of her Age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburg, Jan. 4.

THE *Persian* Ambassador has frequent Conferences with our Ministers, and Measures are taking to terminate the Affairs of his Negotiation, that he may be ready to set out for his Court, either by the latter End of this Month, or the Beginning of the next. We have receiv'd Advice from *Persia*, that the *Turkish* General had found Means to throw a Reinforcement of 4000 Men into *Babylon*, with a great Quantity of Ammunition and Provisions; that a Detachment of 15,000 Men, which he had order'd to file off towards *Georgia*, had been repuls'd with great Loss by the *Persians*; that another Detachment of 10,000, which were to support them, seeing the Misfortune of the former, were return'd to the *Ottoman* Camp; that *Thamas Kouli Kan* continued his Conquests not only in *Georgia*, but also in the *Upper Armenia*; that he had already subdued four Provinces; and that he had also defeated some *Turkish* Troops which endeavour'd to oppose his Progress.

Naples, Jan. 4. His *Catholick* Majesty being unwilling that the King his Son's Expedition to *Sicily* should be any Charge to the *Neapolitans*, has sent him Bills of Exchange for 1,200,000 Pistoles.

Rome, Jan. 8. We hear with Surprize, that Prince *Bartholomew Corsini*, the Pope's Nephew, who had been named to command in the Kingdom of *Naples* during the Absence of *Don Carlos*, had since received Orders to attend that Prince into *Sicily*, and that the Count *de Charni* was nam'd in his stead. It is believed here that the Court of *Naples* has only made this Change to relieve the Prince from the Necessity which his Post would have laid him under, of sending back his Holiness's Briefs unopen'd, since the *Neapolitan* Court refuses to accept them, under Pretence that the Court has not yet acknowledg'd *Don Carlos* as King of *Naples* and *Sicily*. But we have something here which disturbs us more; the Generals of the Allies have demanded of our Court to be furnish'd with the same Quantity of Forage that the *Imperialists* receive from the *Ferrareze*, and at the same Price: The Pope and the Cardinals are extremely uneasy at this Demand; and it is no Wonder that his Holiness continues very ill of the Gout.

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5	10		22
10	20		15
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40	50		41
50	60		38
60	70		35
70	80		25
80	90		22
Upwards	90		1
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LONDON, *Exchanges on*	
Amsterdam —	35 10 a 9
Ditto at Sight	35 7 a 6
Rotterdam —	35 11 a 10
Hamburgh —	35 3
Paris —	51 ⅛
Bourdeaux —	31 ⅛
Cadiz —	41
Madrid —	40 ⅛
Biboa —	40 ⅛
Leghorn —	50
Genoa —	53 ½
Venice —	51 ¼ a ½
Lisbon —	5 5 ¼
Oporto —	5 5
Antwerp —	36 2 a 3
Dublin —	11 ¼

AMSTER. *Jan.* 24, N. S. *Exchanges on*	
London —	35 4 ½
Ditto at Sight	35 7
Hamburgh —	32 ½ a 7/16
Paris —	56 ⅛
Bourdeaux —	55 ⅝
Cadiz —	100 ⅛
Madrid —	80 ½
Bilboa —	79 ½
Leghorn —	90 ¼ a ⅜
Genoa —	95 a 94 ⅝
Venice —	91 ¼
Lisbon —	46 ⅞
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